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INDIAN DAYS.

A Dialogue of Life and Death.

*By H. P. Blavatsky.**

(*Concluded from June* Forum.)

"All this is very interesting," I said, "but it leads us away from the original object of our questions, which you seem reluctant to clear up for us, Thakur Sahib. It looks as if you were confirming and even encouraging the theories of the Babu. Remember that he says he disbelieves in the posthumous life, the life after death, and denies the possibility of any kind of consciousness exactly on the grounds of our not remembering anything of our past terrestrial life."

"I repeat again that the Babu is a Châr vâka, who only repeats what he has been taught. It is not the system of the Materialists that I confirm and encourage, but the truth of the Babu's opinions in what concerns his personal state after death."

"Then do you mean to say that such people as the Babu are to be excepted from the general rule?"

"Not at all. Sleep is a general and unchangeable law for man as well as for every other terrestrial creature, but there are various kinds of sleep and still more various dreams."

"But it is not only the life after death and its dreams that he denies. He denies the immortal life altogether, as well as the immortality of his own spirit."

* Translated from the Russian by Vera Jelikhovska Johnston.

"In the first instance he acts according to the canons of modern European Science, founded on the experience of our five senses. In this he is guilty only with respect to those people who do not hold his opinions. In the second instance again he is perfectly right. Without the previous interior consciousness and the belief in the immortality of the soul, the soul cannot become Buddhi Taijasa. It will remain Manas* But for Manas alone there is no immortality. *In order to live a conscious life in the world on the other side of the grave, the man must have acquired belief in that world, in this terrestrial life.* These are the two aphorisms of Occult Science, on which is constructed all our Philosophy in respect to posthumous consciousness and the immortality of the Soul. Sûtrâtmâ gets only what it deserves. After the destruction of the body there begins for the Sûtrâtmâ either a period of full awakening, or a chaotic sleep, or a sleep without reveries or dreams. Following your physiologists who found the causality of dreams in the unconscious preparation for them in the waking state, why should we not acknowledge the same with respect to posthumous dreams? I repeat what the Vedânta Sara teaches us: *Death is sleep.* After death there begins before our spiritual eyes a representation of a programme that was learned by heart by us in our lifetime, and sometimes even invented by us, the practical realization of our true beliefs, or of illusions created by ourselves. These are the posthumous fruit of the tree of life. Of course the belief or disbelief in the fact of conscious immortality cannot influence the unconditioned actuality of the fact itself, once it exists. But the belief or disbelief of separate personalities cannot but condition the influence of this fact in its effect on such personalities. Now I hope you understand."

"I begin to understand. The Materialists, disbelieving everything that cannot be controlled by their five senses and their so-called scientific reason and denying every spiritual phenomenon, point to the terrestrial as the only conscious existence. Accordingly they will get only what they have deserved. They will lose their per-

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* Without the full assimilation with the Divine Soul, the terrestrial soul, or Manas, cannot live in eternity a conscious life. It will become Buddhi-Taijasa or Buddhi-Manas, only in case its general tendencies during its lifetime lead it towards the spiritual world. Then full of the essence and penetrated by the light of its Divine Soul, the Manas will disappear in Buddhi, will assimilate itself with Buddhi, still preserving a spiritual consciousness of its terrestrial personality; otherwise Manas, that is to say, the human mind, founded on the five physical senses, our terrestrial or our personal soul, will be plunged into a deep sleep without awakening, without dreams, without consciousness, till a new reincarnation.

sonal I; they will sleep a sleep of unconsciousness until a new awakening. Have I understood rightly?"

"Nearly. You may add to that that the Vedântins, acknowledging two kinds of conscious existence, the terrestrial and the spiritual, point only to the latter as an undoubted reality. As to the terrestrial life, owing to its changeability and shortness, it is nothing but an illusion of our senses. Our life in the spiritual spheres must be considered a reality because it is there that lives our endless, never-changing immortal I, the Sûtrâtmâ. Whereas in every new incarnation it clothes itself in a perfectly different personality, a temporary and short-lived one, in which everything except its spiritual prototype is doomed to complete destruction."

"But excuse me, Thakur. Is it possible that my personality, my terrestrial conscious I, could perish not only temporarily as in the case of a Materialist, but still worse—leave no traces of itself whatever?"

"According to our teachings, not only is it to perish, but it *must* perish in all its completeness, except the one principle in it which, united to Buddhi, has become purely spiritual and now forms an inseparable whole. But in the case of a hardened Materialist it may happen that neither consciously nor unconsciously has anything of its personal I ever penetrated into Buddhi. The latter will not take away into eternity any atom of such a terrestrial personality. Your spiritual I is immortal, but from your present personality it will carry away only that which has deserved immortality, that is to say only the aroma of the flower mowed down by death."

"But the flower itself, the terrestrial I?"

"The flower itself, as all the past and future flowers which have blossomed and will blossom after them on the same mother branch, will become dust. Your real I is not, as you ought to know yourself, your body that now sits before me, nor your Manas, but your Sûtrâtmâ-Buddhi."

"But this does not explain to me why you call our posthumous life immortal, endless, and real, and the terrestrial one a mere shadow. As far as I understand, according to your teaching, even our posthumous life has its limits, and though being longer than the terrestrial life, still has its end."

"Most decidedly. The spiritual Ego of the man moves in eternity like a pendulum between the hours of life and death, but if these hours, the periods of life terrestrial and life trans-sepulchral, are limited in their continuation, and even the very number of such

breaks in eternity between sleep and waking, between illusion and reality, have their beginning as well as their end, the spiritual Pilgrim himself is eternal. Therefore the hours of his posthumous life, when unveiled he stands face to face with truth and the short-lived mirages of his terrestrial existences are far from him, compose or make up, in our ideas, the only reality. Such breaks, in spite of the fact that they are finite, do double service to the Sûtrâtmâ, which, perfecting itself constantly, follows without vacillation, though very slowly, the road leading to its last transformation, when, reaching its aim at last, it becomes a Divine Being. They not only contribute to the reaching of this goal, but without these finite breaks Sûtrâtmâ-Buddhi could never reach it. Sûtrâtmâ is the actor, and its numerous and different incarnations are the actor's parts. I suppose you would not call these parts, much less the costumes, the personality of the actor. Like an actor the soul is bound to play, during the cycle of births up to the very threshold of Paranirvâna, many such parts, which are often disagreeable to it, but like a bee, collecting honey from every flower, and leaving the rest of the plant to feed the worms of the earth, our spiritual individuality, the Sûtrâtmâ, collecting only the nectar of moral qualities and consciousness from every terrestrial personality in which it has to clothe itself, at last unites all these qualities in one, having then become a perfect being, a Dhyân Chohan. So much the worse for those terrestrial personalities from whom it could not gather anything. Of course, such personalities could not consciously outlive their terrestrial existence."

"Then the immortality of the terrestrial personality still remains an open question, and even immortality itself is not unconditioned?"

"By no means!" said the Master. "What I mean is that immortality could not be claimed for what has never had any existence; for everything that exists in Sat, or has its origin in Sat, immortality as well as infinity is unconditioned. Mulaprakriti is the reverse of Parabrahman, but they are both one and the same. The very essence of all this, that is to say, spirit, force and matter, have neither end nor beginning, but the shape acquired by this triple unity during its incarnations, their exterior so to speak, is nothing but a mere illusion of personal conceptions. This is why we call the posthumous life the only reality, and the terrestrial one, including the personality itself, only imaginary."

"Why in this case should we call the reality sleep, and the phantasm waking?"

"This comparison was made by me to facilitate your comprehention. From the standpoint of your terrestrial notions it is perfectly accurate."

"You say that posthumous life is founded on a basis of perfect justice, on the merited recompence for all the terrestrial sorrows. You say that Sûtrâtmâ is sure to seize the smallest opportunity of using the spiritual qualities in each of its incarnations. Then how can you admit that the spiritual personality of our Babu, the personality of this boy, who is so ideally honest and noble-minded, so perfectly kind-hearted in spite of all his disbeliefs, will not reach immortality, and will perish like the dust of a dried flower?"

"Who, except himself," answered the Master, "ever doomed him to such a fate? I have known the Babu from the time he was a small boy, and I am perfectly sure that the harvest of the Sûtrâtmâ in his case will be very abundant. Though his Atheism and Materialism are far from being feigned, still he *cannot* die for ever in the whole fulness of his individuality."

"But Thakur Sahib, did not you yourself confirm the rightness of his notions as to his personal state on the other side of the grave and do not these notions consist in his firm belief that after his death every trace of consciousness will disappear?"

"I confirmed them, and I confirm them again. When traveling in a railway train you may fall asleep and sleep all the time, while the train stops at many stations; but surely there will be a station where you will awake, and the aim of your journey will be reached in full consciousness. You say you are dissatisfied with my comparison of death to sleep, but remember, the most ordinary of mortals knows three different kinds of sleep;—dreamless sleep, a sleep with vague chaotic dreams, and at last a sleep with dreams so very vivid and clear that for the time being they become a perfect reality for the sleeper. Why should not you admit an exact analogy in what happens to the soul freed from its body? After their parting there begins for the soul, according to its deserts, and chiefly to its faith, either a perfectly conscious life, a life of semi-consciousness, or a dreamless sleep which is equal to the state of non-being. This is the realization of the programme of which I spoke, a programme previously invented and prepared by the Materialist. But there are Materialists and Materialists. A bad man, or simply a great egotist, who adds to his full disbelief a perfect indifference to his fellow beings, must unquestionably leave his personality for ever at the threshold of death. He has no means of linking himself to the Sûtrâtmâ, and

the connection between them is broken forever with his last sigh; but such Materialists as our Babu will sleep only one station. There will be a time when he will recognize himself in eternity, and will be sorry he lost a single day of the life eternal. I see your objections—I see you are going to say that hundreds and thousands of human lives, lived through by the Sûtrâtmâ, correspond in our Vedântin notions to a perfect disappearance of every personality. This is my answer. Take a comparison of eternity with the single life of a man, which is composed of so many days, weeks, months, and years. If a man has preserved a good memory in his old age he may easily recall every important day or year of his past life, but even in case he has forgotten some of them, is not his personality one and the same through all his life? For the Ego every separate life is what every separate day is in the life of a man."

"Then, would it not be better to say that death is nothing but a birth for a new life, or, still better, a going back to eternity?"

"This is how it really is, and I have nothing to say against such a way of putting it. Only with our accepted views of material life the words 'live' and 'exist' are not applicable to the purely subjective condition after death; and were they employed in our Philosophy without a rigid definition of their meanings the Vedântins would soon arrive at the ideas which are common in our times among the American Spiritualists, who preach about spirits marrying among themselves and with mortals. As amongst the true, not nominal Christians, so amongst the Vedântins—the life on the other side of the grave is the land where there are no tears, no sighs, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and where the just realize their full perfection."

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

The question of the chief points of resemblance and of difference between the teachings of Swedenborg and those of the Eastern Wisdom, is an exceedingly interesting one, but one that it is very difficult to answer, as the writings of the Swedish seer comprise sixty large octavo volumes, to say nothing of the endless stores of Oriental mysticism. To give anything like an adequate summary of the two, would require the faculties of an adept, and the life-time of a Methusalah, but even a superficial knowledge of what is usually meant by the Eastern Wisdom, and a hasty glance at some of the principal doctrines of Swedenborg, will show that while there are a few points of resemblance, the differences are many and great.

Emerson, in his *Representative Men*, takes Swedenborg as the typical mystic, but curiously enough, many of his own followers deny his right to the title. Mr. Wilkinson, who wrote what Emerson thought the best book on Swedenborg, says that he is "the only theologian who is not mystical, the only one who craves plain experience for every sphere." In fact he not only "craves" it, but he asserts that he had it, and his biographer seems to put as much faith in his reports of his explorations of heaven and hell, as in his accounts of his travels in England and Holland. The fact, I think remains, that in the ordinary sense of the word, Swedenborg was a mystic, but a mystic grafted upon a scientist. Emerson suggests that all mystics are more or less morbid, that "this beatitude comes in terror, and with shocks to the mind of the receiver, and drives the man mad, or gives a certain violent basis which taints his judgment," but in Swedenborg's case, one would think the struggle between the seer and the scientist might in itself have been sufficient to disturb his mental equilibrium. At least, that quality of the mind which insists upon formulating and classifying everything, seems to have hung fetters upon his spiritual flights, as though a man borne to heaven by angels should compel them to pause while he studied the mechanism and movement of their wings

He began, it seems, (from a letter to his friend, Dr. Beyer), with the religious enthusiasm so characteristic of many children, who come, as Wordsworth says:

"Trailing clouds of glory from their home,"

but as they grow older, find the clouds grow thicker, and the glory more dim. "From my fourth to my tenth year," he says, "my thoughts were constantly engrossed by reflecting on God, on salvation, and on the spiritual affections of man." His parents declared at times that certainly the angels spoke through his mouth. "From my sixth to my twelfth year," he continues, "it was my greatest delight to converse with the clergy concerning faith," and up to that time, although the son of a Lutheran bishop, he seems to have been singularly free from dogmatic training of any kind. At the age of twenty-two, in 1709, he took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and then began that vast series of published works of every kind, that cannot be said to have ceased with his death, because he left an immense amount of MS., which was left by his heirs to the Royal Academy of Sciences in Sweden, and has since been published in Germany and England. These works ranged from Latin fables and poems, from mathematical and mineralogical treatises, to the

highest flights of the mystic and the seer. But we must note that after the religious fervor of childhood and the poetic fervor of youth had died away, the scientist had the upper hand for many years, and mathematics, engineering, astronomy, metallurgy and mechanics generally, seem to have been his favorite sciences, while among his other works, he wrote an introduction to algebra, and a proposal for a decimal system of money and measures. Then began a series of treatises and pamphlets that showed the genius of the man in the novelty of his methods, as well as his aims. He attempted to apply to chemistry the fixed truths of mathematics for instance, and seems to have had a glimpse of the laws of occult geometry. "The beginning of nature," he said, "is identical with the beginning of geometry; the origin of natural particles is due to mathematical points, just as is the origin of lines, forms, and the whole of geometry, because everything in nature is geometrical, everything in geometry natural." Here was one of his resemblances to Eastern teaching, and it is a wonder that he did not quote Plato's reputed saying: "God geometrises." He seems so often to have had these glimpses of the inner world of science, that one marvels why he could be content to occupy himself so long in externals. He had a theory that the particles of primary solids are moulded in the interstices between the particles of fluids, and take the shape of those interstices, and that framework thus modelled by undergoing fracture at its weakest parts, through motion caused by heat, etc., gives rise to new shapes that become the initial particles of new substances. He believed water to be the womb of the infinitesimal land; common salt the first modelling of the future earth. He applied the principle to the chemical facts known in his day respecting divers substances, as also to light and color, suggesting a cosmogony and celestial mechanics in the smallest things, as in the universe. And this mechanical theory had, at its core, what he called "the subtle matter," that is, ether, a latent principle which he said shaped and guided the mechanical one. Here we certainly find the strongest resemblance to, (if not identity with) the doctrine of the astral matter as the origin of the physical, and the mould of all forms.

From these works, M. Dumas, the French chemist, did not hesitate to ascribe to Swedenborg the origin of the modern science of Crystalography, as his was the first idea of making the different geometrical forms of crystals result from the grouping of spherical particles.

Nor was this idea of "subtle matter" confined to the origin and moulding of the physical. He taught also what he called the doctrine of "spheres," which is identical with what theosophical writers call "auras." Nothing in the world, he says, is naked to its outline, but has an effluence or radiation around it, in which it oscillates and exists. This space is filled with its emanations, which are always in the image and likeness of the being that inhabits and causes them, whether it be man, animal, or planet. "Each creature has its sphere, because each reflects the creator, whose immediate sphere is the *spiritual sun*, and his ultimate sphere the universe itself." The italics are mine, to emphasize the even verbal correspondence of this idea with that we read of the Spiritual Sun in the *Secret Doctrine* and other theosophcal works. In the *Principiia* he applies an active geometry to the mundane system, which Mr. Wilkinson observes, "is one way of passing from the known to the unknown," and he compares the universe to the Scandinavian Tree of Life, with atmospheres and auras for leaves and flowers, and suns and planets as fruit. In this work he asserts that the human frame is an organism respondent to the forces and vibrations of all the mundane elements; that there is a fluid within the body keeping time and tune with auras in the universe; that man and nature are coordinate anatomically, and in his two great books on *The Animal Kingdom* he treats further of these correspondences. He intended from a thorough examination of all the bodily organs, to get at an exact knowledge of the soul itself, with the assistance of "certain new doctrines," to look from the principle of series, by which nature moves in lines and regiments, from the principle of degrees, by which all things know and abide in their own place; from the principle of association, whereby mutually helpful substances are near together and work for each other; from the principle of forms, whereby nature descends from vortex to spiral, from spiral to circle, from circle to angle, and reascends from earth to sun, and from mineral to man; from the principle of influx or influence, whereby not physical force alone, but every ray of purpose and intention flows to and from us upon every side; and from the principle of correspondence, whereby all fitness comes, to the corollary of this fitness, a conjunction of all works and all workers into one grand unity. To this he added what he called the doctrine of modification, which recognizes the manner in which vital and other vibrations permeate the world. "Thus I hope," he said, "that I shall traverse the universal animal Kingdom to the soul; * * * that by opening all

the doors that lead to her, I shall at length contemplate the soul herself: *by the Divine permission.*" But alas! Swedenborg forgot that the soul was not inclosed by any doors, and when he had opened them all he found, indeed, the inner parts of the living body, but not the soul. "It is strange," admits his admiring biographer, "that in these doctrines of Swedenborg there was no doctrine of *life.*" But he had much to say about the *breath,* and made a regular study of the relations between the thoughts and emotions and the respiration, in fact he seems to have made for himself a system of breathing or rather non-breathing, closely akin to the *Hatha-Yoga* practices, and which may very likely have had much to do with his later abnormal conditions. He published the last books referred to in 1740—1745, and it was in the latter year that he brought out in London a work in two parts *On the Worship and Love of God.* From this time he became almost another person, at least as far as his writings were concerned. "I have been called," he says in a letter to Mr. Hartley, "to a holy office by the Lord himself, * * * who granted me the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels, which I enjoy to this day." (1769.) In another account the Lord appeared to him in person, and the same night the world of spirits, hell and heaven, were *convincingly* opened to him. "From that day," he says, "I gave up all worldly learning and labored only in spiritual things, * * * and conversed, *broad awake,* with angels and spirits." This last expression is very significant, and shows that he was not what is commonly known as a "trance medium," for the testimony of others corroborates his assertion that he conversed with, to them, invisible beings, while wide awake. We may consider him then as the victim of hallucinations, probably brought on by Hatha Yoga practices with the respiration, which he says he began in his infancy. He had also frequent trances, and visions in his dreams, and there can be no doubt that he was a clairvoyant, at least to some extent.

His great work, the *Arcana Celestia* in eight volumes quarto, professedly an exposition of Genesis and Exodus, he professed to have derived from direct rational illumination by the Lord, in which case most people would say, as a little boy I knew did, of the Bible, "then the Lord wrote a very dull book." In this work his doctrine of correspondences was pushed to its utmost limits. Having perceived the truth of the Kabalistic axiom "as below so above," and *vice-versa,* he carried the idea so far as to make the invisible and spiritual world a mere *replica* of this one, with all the machinery of

our daily life repeated, as in the "Summerland" of the spiritualists, and even went so far as to make his spiritual symbols into actual realities. Having said that the ass "corresponds" to scientific truth, and the horse to intellectual truth, he could give no reason for the statement except that the animals and the truths always appeared together in his mind. So the universe corresponding to the frame of man, the macrocosm to the microcosm, the organs of each also corresponded, and the advent of spirits from the liver region invariably upset Swedenborg's liver, while hypocrites gave him the toothache, because hypocrites "corresponded" to the teeth. In a word, his correspondences were artificial and arbitrary, not inevitable, and his idea of hell a series of brick cells, wherein the damned arranged their own punishments, and apparently rather enjoyed them. When we read much of his detailed accounts of heaven, we are ready to think the other place less dull, but when he drops the scientist and assumes the seer, he is capable of the loftiest flights and the most noble utterances. Emerson says that his announcement of ethical laws and his moral insight entitle him to a place among the lawgivers of mankind, and that some of his sayings express these laws with singular beauty, as in that famous sentence: "In heaven the angels are advancng continually to the springtime of their youth, so that the oldest angel appears the youngest."

I think the more one reads Swedenborg the more one is inclined to agree with Emerson's verdict, that "the vice of his mind is its theologic determination, * * * his judgments are those of a Swedish polemic, * * and he carries his controversial memory with him in his visits to the souls." And Emerson points out many differences between his thought and that of the Eastern Wisdom, especially in his ideals of evil. "The less we have to do with our sins the better," says the Concord seer, "no man can afford to waste his moments in compunctions. That is active duty, say the Hindoos, which is not for our bondage." And he points out the "more generous spirit of the Indian Vishnu," who does not assert like Swedenborg that there is no conversion for evil spirits, but says: "If one who is altogether evil serve me alone, * * * he soon becometh of a virtuous spirit, and obtaineth eternal happiness." But nevertheless, with all his shortcomings as a prophet, Swedenborg taught that above all else was right living, and Emerson says that he thinks of him as the votary of Indian legend who declared that "Though I be dog, or jackal, or pismire, in the last rudiments of nature, under what integument or ferocity, I cleave to right, as the sure ladder that leads up to man and to God."

KATHARINE HILLARD.

ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT.

Edited by Charles Johnston.

THE LORD OF THE WILL.

"These are but passing vestures of the everlasting lord; he suffers no detriment, he is illimitable; therefore, son of warriors, fight!

"He who sees the Soul as making an end, he who sees the Soul as suffering an ending,—err both; for the Soul destroys not, nor is destroyed.

"It begins not with birth, nor ends with death, nor, coming to being, shall it pass away; beginningless, eternal, everlasting, the Ancient passes not when the vesture passes.

"He who has the vision of this eternal who suffers no loss for ever, this unborn who passes not away, whom does he kill, son of princes, whom does he slay?

"As a man lays aside worn vestures and takes others new, so the lord of all vestures putting worn-out forms aside, takes other new ones.

"Him weapons wound not, nor fire burns; him waters wet not, nor dry winds parch; for not to be hurt by sword or fire, by water or parching wind is this one everlasting in all, this unshaken rock immemorial." *Songs of the Master.*

Even troops of no great experience, fresh to the art of war, often meet a sudden attack well, and stand up against it with a steady courage which brings victory; but there is a moment after the victory, which tries even the stoutest veterans. There comes a lull, a relaxation, when nothing more remains to be done, nothing to be suffered, and the removal of the fighting strain leaves everything vague and uncertain, giving nothing which the will can grasp or lay hold of; then even the most tried and trusted soldiers sometimes go to pieces, their nerve utterly braking down. In that hour of weakness, there often enter seeds of pestilence and plague which destroy more victims than war; and this penalty every country has suffered, after a sternly fought campaign, most of all when it has resulted in victory.

We are at that dead point now, or just passing it; with the turn of the year we should begin once more to feel our energies rise and grow, for the days that are to come. But meanwhile we should each and all be prepared for that old reaction after toil, when we

come to ask what good was it, whether it was worth while, and, most of all, to wonder, with great discouragement, what is coming next. It would be more than miraculous, if this law overlooked us; and we can even gain a certain grim reassurance from the fact that, in the divine dispensation of nature's backwash, we are not forgotten.

One has heard it said of the letters of a sage to his disciples, that they contain nothing new, nothing which has not been said long ago, in all our books. Like most things people say, and many things they do, this judgment is infinitely shallow; it is like accusing a master of mathematics of only taking the formula from the books, to solve the orbit of a new comet. The weak disciples who bring such criticism to bear, might have their latent sense of humor stirred and drawn forth to daylight, if they realized that, not only in the wise books of our own generation, but in those of five thousand or ten thousand years ago, every phase of their green-sickness was already clearly described and well provided for. So it is not to be wondered at, if there is provision also for this gloom and lassitude of ours.

The truth is, we have come to the end of the old; we have as yet no certain grip of the new; and, to use the good old parable, having set hand to the plough, we are at this moment debating with ourselves the expediency of looking back, and thereby damning ourselves, as unfit for the kingdom. The mood is a trying one, a period of nervous doubt that strains the strongest wills; and for this reason above all, that we cannot even lay hold of anything to find fault with, can identify no one on whom to lay the blame. Fate has been unkind to us in that; for it is infinitely easier to belabour the scapegoat than to lay hold of the matter, and set it right for ourselves.

Half the trouble goes, when we give it a form and name, and steadily look it in the face; when we realize that these dog-days of the soul, like all the moods that pass before it, like all the vestures which it wears, are but passing veils of the everlasting lord, and that he suffers no detriment. Even the clear recognition of the mood of weak desponding is the will's first effort to put it away. And here we gain a second grain of consolation; the will is with us. The soul, lord of the will, has a fine reserve of inherent energy, to bring forth against just such a lull in valor as this, and that store of power is easily adequate to the not very stern task of tiding us over. We are far stronger than we know, and it takes all turns of mood and circumstance to teach us our full strength.

And here come prescriptions rife from the ancient books, written in the days when men possessed their souls, and were not afraid to say so; the first counsel is, that it is not we ourselves who are to contribute the energy for our future moving, nor even we who are to choose the way. All that has been done long ago, by the Soul which had no beginning, the Soul which shall have no end. The choice of the way, and anxious deliberation of means, are of the mind only; and we have done with the mind's leading, when we come into the sunlight of the Soul; henceforth, the mind's duty will only be to catch the intuition, and make it applicable to our daily life, but the intuition itself does not come from the mind.

So that what we have to do, has been settled long ago, and lies already perfect in the Soul; our task is merely to give it being in the natural world, making a body for it by our wills. And as the work is a work of the Soul, it cannot spring from any lower source, from our desires or from our fears, from our ambitions or from our hopes. Therefore these things must stand aside, as motive powers. And it is to this very withdrawal of hope and fear, of ambition and desire, so long the causes and sources of all we have done, that our present lassitude is due; that quietness and loneliness is really the portal of the Soul, the one portal through which it can enter life. And our deep unrest is the herald of its coming.

We must take to heart what has so long sat easily on our lips: that we are immortal; that the Soul in us can suffer no detriment; that its intimate nature is joy; that our heritage is power. And keeping in mind that our future work is of the immortal, of the Soul, we shall better understand the reason of our perplexity; for what can our minds yet conceive, of the clear purpose and destiny of our immortal selves? And that purpose and that destiny must mirror themselves from the Soul into our minds, before we can take the next step forward. What we can do, is, not to add new luster and vision to the Soul, for the Soul already knows all things, but to prepare ourselves to receive the message, and then, perhaps hardest of all, to wait.

Every taint of self-seeking for our ambitions and our desires must be laid aside: have indeed been laid aside, before we have reached the place of loneliness and gloom; though we shall still carry out all those energies through which of old, unlike charity, we sought our own. Here, indeed, lies one secret of health: to carry on, through mere industry and by a sort of divine obstinacy, the outer and material frame-work of our lives, even in loneliness, even

in gloom; for this very activity of ours, free now from all self-seeking, is a potent invocation to the Soul. Overshadowing us from of old, that immemorial Ancient has through all our days been seeking to pass the message on to us; but we have ever been too prepossessed and preoccupied by our ambitions and our desires; thus making a false usurping self, as center of these desires, which stood as an impediment of the Soul. Now that the barrier-self has been melted away or broken up by storms, our whole midworld is an empty and unrestful void, crying out to be filled; and our doubt is the echo of that cry.

We must guard ourselves against seeking to frame the message too soon into words: into phrases and reasons intelligible to our minds; for by doing that, we should invite certain confusion. The message must first work a transformation in us; only then shall we be attuned to understand it. But this much we can easily put into words: our work is, here in the great heart of being, to lead the life of immortal powers. And the first part of an immortal is, to be rid of fear. The Soul can suffer no detriment; therefore what can we fear? Weapons wound it not, nor does fire burn it, waters wet it not, nor is it withered by desert winds. And this is as true of the fires and storms of passion or sorrow as of the fire and wind of the natural world. Passion and sorrow do not touch the Soul; and that Soul we are; therefore we should sit serene.

But the Soul is lord of the will; and the will perpetually creates, or is ready incessantly to create, when the way to it shall be opened by the passing of desire. Therefore the liberation of the Soul in us will make us builders and creators. All that we do, will have a new efficacy and sterling quality, even in the smallest things. We who were perpetually smitten with weakness, devoid of the grasp and energy to strike home, to fight to the finish, shall begin to see a new vigor and strength in all our works, shall find them at last adequate, able to stand, able to suffer strain and stress. In the days of our desires, we found all enterprises crumbling under our hands; and, as the near presence of the Soul made us half-hearted in our desires, and inwardly untrue to them, all that we conceived in desire failed to come to the birth; we were under a curse of inefficiency, even in little things. Nor among people altogether driven by desire, can any gain success or wealth by strongly desiring them; the successful and wealthy are those who are driven on by their genius, quite unconsciously to themselves; they are carrying on some great work, of which many or all equally reap the fruit; and

in proportion as they interpose their desires in the way of their genius, they are cursed and tainted by inefficiency. The great masters of success are slaves to the creative will; and we can emulate their success, not by imitating their energies, but by embodying in ourselves the different work the will has in store for us.

Therefore, as a first reward, we shall have a release of power, a fresh flood from within, making us able to do better all that we do, and making us able to do that better thing which, hitherto, we have not been able to do at all. Scripture quotation is in order: let us take a scriptural enunciation of this same law of efficacy through renunciation. Besides the shorter promise to those who seek first the realm and righteousness, that, 'all these things shall be added unto you', we have a specific prophecy: 'he shall receive an hundredfold, now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands; and in the world to come, life everlasting.' We are to keep in mind that the followers of him who made this promise are now, and have been for centuries, the greatest owners of real estate in the world. But apart from its particular application, the law holds good everywhere: immense increased efficiency in every part of our lives, the moment we surrender to the Soul. Yet the hope of that power can never be the motive of the surrender.

So that one fruitful ground for apprehensions should really bear a better crop; a crop of hopes, not fears. Yet we shall err, if we take this increased wordly efficiency to be the only, or even the chief end. It is merely an outward accident; the bloom on the fruit. But the fruit itself is the Soul, which carries as a seed within it, the promise of its own proper work; a work which has little enough to do with this nether world, except to transform it into the likeness of its own immortal dwelling-place.

The work of the Soul is the irradiation of life; for ourselves, for our other selves, for our oneness with the All-self. A union in eternal power for these three, and no lesser task. We shall do well to ponder over every word spoken of the Soul, by the sages of old; every word should be a gleam of light to us. It is the lord of all veils and vestures; therefore of our present discontent, which is but its veil. It suffers no detriment, therefore our terror dies. It causes no detriment, therefore how far soever the Soul may lead us, we shall never thereby risk to injure others, and so should die another cause of fear. For all souls work in so true a harmony, that the better I mind my own business, the better I am serving yours, and this for lasting and immortal ends. Egotisms can do and suffer

detriment, and this is the tragedy of the world; but souls, in the light of the Soul, neither slay nor are slain. Follow your genius to the last, and you make all men your debtors. The Soul wears out old vestures and old forms, and lays firm grasp on others new; and this sloughing of old forms by the Power in us is always a time of pain, of uncertainty, of doubt. It does not yet appear what we shall be.

But in this last quietness, is made ready the most excellent work; for the conceiving and inspiration of that work, not we are answerable; it comes from deeper fountains than our wells. Therefore we should throw aside this mantle of apprehension and dread, of doubt and fear. Doubt and fear also are provided for. We cannot lift the clouds, but we can await the sunlight. We cannot bring the light, but we can receive the light: that lonely radiance that never was on land or sea. We cannot engender the will, but we can carry out the will, when it arises newborn in us. Therefore, sons of warriors, fight!

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION 130. (*Continued.*)

What should be the attitude of a Theosophist towards the theories of Edward Bellamy and Henry George?

Wm. Main.—That attitude of broad and intelligent common sense, for which so many members of the Theosophical Society have shown a chronic incapacity.

These theorists, and many others like them, are honest and earnest men, and in their writings we will find some truth, and, in my opinion, much that is ill balanced, insufficiently thought out, and exaggerated.

A healthy social organism must change by degrees with the evolution of civilization, but no man is wise enough to mark out exact lines for its growth, or prescribe a panacea for its ills. While fortunately we cannot all think alike, a wider range of study and a broader knowledge of men and affairs, and consequently more real sympathy (not Slop Doctrine) for our fellows, millionaire as well as pauper, will cure a tendency to one-sidedness and enable each one to aid more wisely and effectually those changes which must accompany all wholesome growth.

There is an old saying: "Beware of the man of one book."

Question 131.

Will our thoughts ever become visible to others?

Malbrouk.—I believe so. More than that. I believe that our present thoughts will become visible to others, if they ever care to look back upon them. "Never do anything of which you would be ashamed if it were to become known"—is good advise. To this we should add, "Never think anything of which you would be ashamed if your thoughts were to become known," for the day will come when your present thoughts will be visible to your present friends. It may be said that they will then be so wise that they will understand our present weakness. This is doubtless true, but it should also be true that they will then have the power to throw themselves into the same state of consciousness as they are now in, so that they will see our present thoughts from their present standpoint.

Question 132.

What is the difference between the "Eye Doctrine" and the "Heart Doctrine"?

Maud Ralston.—That which separates the "Heart Doctrine" from the "Eye Doctrine" is a *sense of humanity.*

The "Eye Doctrine" is by no means a thing to be despised, because it represents *clear seeing,* but such appreciation brings only its perfect fulfillment when worked out in *human* relation.

Every time one *sees* and fails to practice, in relation to others, the virtue he discerns, he loses a companion, for at every real step on the "Path" is one of our dear ones to be discovered; but it takes the true "Prince" to wake the "Sleeping Beauty."

All things are possible to him who loves, for, when we can realize the touchstone of the heart, it is responsive to all creation, synthesizing and utilizing the senses, it's light searches out even the dark places of life and is at home in them; then are things which were formerly not understood made clear; then are the enchantments and spells arising from darkness dissolved, and life's rightful joys made evident—"But, seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you—for where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

REVIEWS.

Lotusblüten (German) for June devotes nearly half its space to an article on Raja Yoga. The metrical translation of the Bhagavad Gita, and the paper on Free Masonry are continued from the last issue. (S.)

Theosophischer Wegweiser (German) for May and June, contain several articles on Reincarnation and Occultism—chiefly translations—an interesting example being drawn from an inscription written by Benjamin Franklin for his own tomb. (S.)

Tiddskrift for Teosofi (Norwegian) for May continues the translation of Dr. Hartmann's "Reincarnation" from *Lotusblüten* and devotes the remainder of the issue to a translation of that very valuable paper "The Elixir of Life." (S.)

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Secret Doctrine, (Vols. I, II and Index), *H. P. Blavatsky*,	$12.50
Key to Theosophy, *H. P. Blavatsky*	2.00
Studies in Occultism, *H. P. Blavatsky*, (6 Vols. at 35 cents)	1.50
The Ocean of Theosophy, *W. Q. Judge*, paper 25 cents ; cloth	.50
Bhagavad Gita, trs. by *W. Q. Judge*, leather	.75
Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms, trs. by *W. Q. Judge*, morocco	1.00
Echoes from the Orient, *W. Q. Judge*	.50
Letters That Have Helped Me, *W. Q. Judge*, (compiled by Jasper Niemand)	.50
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Tao-teh-King, ("The Book of the Path of Virtue")	.25
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Short Glossary of Theosophical Terms	.05
The Necessity for Reincarnation, a tract, 2c. each or 100 for	1.50

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2d. The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences.

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